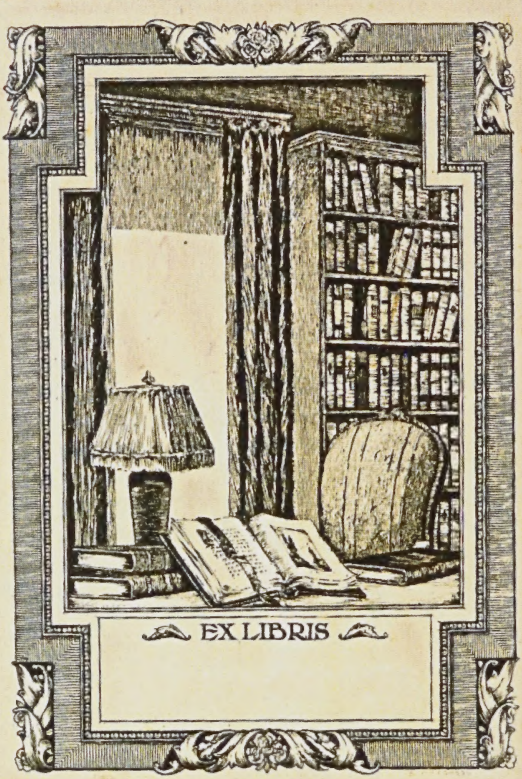
# Peace College Prism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# Peace College Prism

*We here at Peace are women of drive and determination.*
*We are women of strength and courage.*
*We foster hopes and dreams.*
*We are creative, intellectual, and beautiful.*
*We are daughters and sisters, mothers and friends –*
*A diverse and complex group of beings who celebrate*
*the joy of being a woman.*

The goal of the Prism is to honor the spirit of the Peace College student body that every year reveals to us its beautiful soul. Without you, there would be no Prism! Thanks for allowing us to share your creative spirit, and enjoy!

*--Prism Staff*

## *Cordelia's Love Song*
## *-Ann Wheliss*

frail twigs
on dead branches
tremble now,
remembering.
in this moment
in solitude
and without just cause
i feel your rage
like so many soldiers
marching forward,
trampling the bodies
of enemies
and comrades in arms
alike.
you still
slay me.
i still
let you.
i'm stuck in
this cycle, if not with you,
then your likeness.
it appears i have
preferred the company
of men who think me
no more valuable
than this sentiment
will be
to you.
even in exile,
your poor fool's love
remains.
but this old story
has a new twist:

i will not be hanged.

## *(S)lowly*
## *-Heaven Gouch*

I ran until I could not run anymore.
My elbows folded underneath the skies
Where I flew with no intent
And gave way to my demise.
Passers-by left
And passers-by came
And I Could not but weep on that corner where we meet.
The sidewalk cracked beneath my heels
Achilles appeared and asked how it feels.
He ripped out my tendons and replaced them with cement.
My elbows bled and my knobby knees bent;
His anger brewed and the coffee was sour
The sidewalk drank and the sidewalk was power
I let it sink into my skin; it spilled out of my shell
it walked along my bones and where I ended and where it began you couldn't tell
and Upon finding there was no such thing as a soul
The cement erupted and swallowed me whole.

## *Your Name*
## *-Meg Mitchem*

Sleepless nights are mine
My memory wants more
Vivid images are here
My mind is sore

Destroyed by your actions
I will never be the same
Your inconsiderate decisions
My shattered memory remains

A childhood lost
A psychological fall
Your name haunts me
My name you'll never recall

## *The Battle Within*
## *-Ali Adcock*

You -Lustful Angel- had me believing I was evil inside.
You -Greedy Angel- had me believing I could do no right.
You deceived me, Angel of mine.
You led me away and covered my eyes.
Fed me dark words in a soothing tone.
Twisted me round your fingers and broke my soul.

I looked into your captivating eyes,
And felt love leave my side.
The cold breath I drew in,
I quickly expelled to end the stinging.
How many times -Wrathful Angel- must I fall to my knees?
Until your sick desires are finally appeased.

You -Gluttonous Envious Angel- Why won't you look at me?
Am I not broken enough to bring you glee?
Am I not everything that your dark heart desires?
Is it that I defy you and drown your fire?
You -Apathetic Smug Angel- How cruel can you be?
To gloat at the sight of me writhing painfully.

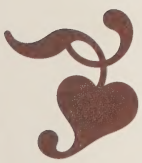
I -Fallen Warrior- face the battle within.
And wonder -Good vs Evil- which will win?

## *Should they write about this in history books?*
## *-Stacey Townsend*

We aren't really all that far apart.
In fact, we are dangerously close,
except not dangerously at all.
Sometimes I wish we were. There's no slight brush, no fluttering
eyelashes, no shortness of breath.
I feel guilty when I say I want your hips against mine.
I feel insane when I find myself dreaming of you.
Despite those facts, here are my shackles, here are my chains.
And you have the ability to get me all steamed up.
So tip me over, baby.
Just don't pour me out.
You can conquer me completely if you only let yourself do so.
Do you get high when you see me walk by?
Does your heart beat faster;
do you fumble over vocabulary?
This is why I choose to keep my silence.
But on the inside my body is screaming your name.

## *only fair?*
## *-Elisabeth McDonald*

seeking my calamity
she says, with all due sanity,
"oh, but it is only fair."
and she whispers as she's falling down,
i'm deafened by the very sound,
"oh, but I'm taking you with me."
she's pulled herself from out below
she stares me down, saying slow,
" you thought you'd get away from it?"
and now she's got me by the throat
and in my own tears I am soaked;
"oh, but now it's only fair."



## *Some Kind Of Word*
## *-Mason Davenport*

i'm so glad, you see, that the definition of my personality, my humanity, does not come down to what fits inside some box...

BOX

a box with it's four sides, four corners, four flaps that tap and trap whatever comes down inside...

INSIDE

inside is always bigger than outside when the twisting and the turning finds you coming down inside a house of blue...

BLUE

blue is not quite the color or the shade of the pills that were shaved and craved and waved in front of your blue eyes before you were found to be coming down inside that box...

BOX

the box with the nails in the lid that didn't quite fit because we didn't have the money to buy the one you always wanted...

WANTED

wanted is what the postman was when the cops came down to find that what he was delivering to your house of blue was not just marked with a stamp...

STAMP

stamp your feet to the sound of the drums as the satanic fanatics turn up the volume as you come down, and at your sight they are glad...

GLAD

glad I am that the definition of my resistance, my persistence, my existence does not come down to what fits inside your box.

## *MMIII*
## *-Rebecca Mimnall*

It is a consciousness.
A memory. A whisper passed
To the progeny of that antique land.

Though the trenches have been filled,
Homes built upon the
Slaughtered's shallow graves
Allow bones to creep into basements;
A constant reminder.

The wine we find so sweet,
Savagely squeezed from fruits
Grown in Vineyards sustained
By rivers tainted with our
Brothers' blood.

The war to end all didn't.

But never has my land
Quaked, shuddered, and bled.
Never have my people
Absorbed the dying's echoed screams.
Never has my air choked
On gas and dirt and sweat.

No consciousness here.

No knowledge
Or wisdom
Or whispers.

And this nation,
Never scarred by war,
Had not the authority
To start one.

## *Fever*
## *-Megan Lamm*

This is about
Hearts and hips,
fingers and lips.
Touches like feathers,
exchanged for kisses together
in the back of my car
on a rainy afternoon.
As the water falls from the sky,
the fever pours out of you.

Stolen nights under sheets,
Moving bodies to beats.
Finding heaven in motion
Equating heat with devotion.
Keeping time with the rain
In the late evening glow,
Our souls speak a language
That only we know.

Your love feels like a sin,
you make me want to give in
to your heart and your hips,
fingers and lips,
and I pray to God that
this is all more than just a fever.

## *Once (Don't Touch Me)*
## *-Kristin Kirkland*

Once, I couldn't get enough of your touch
Hypnotized, I stared at your fingers
As they glided over my body.
I was drugged by the feel of your hand at my waist;

Please, don't touch me.

Once, I would die to be near you
Curl up beside you,
Inside you,
Nestle into the warm hollow of your body
The space carved out for me;

I can't,
No –
Don't touch me.

Now, I am sickened by your skin
The hand that massages my back is foreign and cold
I must get away
Out of your reach;

Stop –
I said,
Don't touch me.

## *Ode to the Piece of Lonely-looking Lint in the Corner of Mrs. Floyd's Classroom*
## *- Maigan Kennedy*

The lint watches pens
skirt snowy paper,
teeth bite tongues in concentration.
The lint sighs,
wishing it could be included
in these writers' observations.
The lint frowns,
missing the blue-jean pocket
it recently excavated.
The lint tears up,
a well-spring of emotion,
its tiny breath becoming bated.
The lint laments,
its minute voice echoing
across the expansive, silent room.
The lint breaths deeply,
trying to slow pace
and resign itself to doom.
Then the lint remembers--
"Wait a minute! I'm not a cognizant being!"
...
Then the lint remembered
no more.

## *Simply*
## *-Aleyia Dixon*

i have no more room
to speak words cleverly,
truthfully-
i just want what's to be said
said
clearly

we are much too complex
to riddle thoughts with cliché
one fares better when speechless
-if truth got in the way

There are tightropes
and strongmen
and great hoops aflame
but to all-
be amazed
when hearts and words
stay the same.

## *Opus 8*
## *-Ann Wheliss*

Wait, little Ludwig.
You do not yet know.

Look back now.

Listen. Hear the viola
singing only a child's
beautiful unusual nightmare.

Then you awake
one ordinary morning
angry, older,
to a world of silence.

Listen. Do you still feel
the hopeful vibrations
of that child's heart
that beats within you?

Listen. Remember the sound
of what you, as a youth,
thought was weeping and laugh
the mournful laugh of
someone who has learned
what it is to suffer.
Weep, and feel blessed
That deaf ears block the
shameful noise of your own
caterwauling.

But keep listening:
The music is within.
The dance begins again.

## *Precisely Infinite*
## *-Carly Naegelen*

Take a step to see down
Looking back and through it.
Winding down, down, down
Imitative and uninviting.

Mystified by uncertainty
Looking forever at the absence of
Yellows, reds, greens, and blues.
It's world a little colder, a little emptier.

Failing to see its purpose
We make-believe the ending.
The dark black night gives luminosity
To a ceaselessness of pondering

A pithy truth, we somehow cannot find.
That inexhaustible darkness, oh how it stares at us...

## *The Long Road Home*
## *-Kristal DeSantis*

A shaft of light glints off the aluminum can discarded beside the edge of the road. The contents have long since been consumed; their taste all but forgotten. The heat rises off the long road in waves. Dusty rays seek to rejoin the sun as it lowers in the sky, beginning its journey to the other side of the world. The sky that had been as blue as the ocean is beginning to show slits of purple, pink, and orange dancing among the scattered puffs of white. Life has a different rhythm out here.

The low rumbling of the engine had long ceased to register for her. She rested her head against the window and watched as a bird, a hawk she thought detachedly, emerged in the distance, soaring from its place of rest in search of prey. The beauty of the scene was wasted on her.

They had always had long conversations on these trips, but this time when the radio had quit about half-way through their journey, the subsequent five hours had been silent. Did he even remember she was there? He had a great profile: soft, thick hair, prominent cheekbones, a strong jaw, and full lips. Catching her eye was the glint of gold on his finger, and she wondered if, after all this, she would ever have one on her own. Kicking her sandals off under the dash, she drew her knees up to her chin in an attempt to shield more of her burning legs. Vanilla scented her skin, remnants of lotion hastily applied in the god-forsaken motel they had stayed at the night before. In that little room with the one table, one chair, one bed, he had said things no one had ever said to her before and promised her things she had never asked him for. Absently twisting a strand of hair between her fingers, she wondered if he regretted those words after what she had said to him this morning.

Why they had chosen the flickering neon sign off a dirt road instead of the better looking ones they had seen advertised on the highway, she didn't remember. She tasted hair in her mouth and wondered when the strand of hair had moved from between her fingers to between her lips. It hadn't been a conscious decision. Glancing instinctively at him to see if he had noticed, she removed the hair. He always told her he hated when she put things in her mouth, but today, intently focused on the road ahead as if it would suddenly leap off the earth and challenge his driving, he hadn't noticed. He never let her drive.

--continued--

## {*The Long Road Home Continued*}

Suddenly he tensed and hit the brakes. Rocked forward, she caught herself on the dash, hands splayed. She watched as a little brown blur ran, hopped, and bounced across the road. Jolted by this unexpected break in her reverie, she smiled and turned to look at him. Resting his head on his hand, he sighed and shook his head slightly.
"I'm just tired. I'm sorry babe."
They both flinched at the word.
"You want me to drive?" she asked, breaking the awkward silence.
"No, I'm fine," he responded, "I just need a quick break. I'm gonna pull over here and shut my eyes for a few minutes. Is that ok with you?" Shrugging to show she didn't care, she watched out of the corner of her eye as he reclined his chair and settled back in his seat, eyes closed. Sunlight filtered through the dirty window and shone on his face, illuminating the features that she was tracing with her eyes. Her gaze lingered on his lips. She knew all she would have to do would be lean over and place her lips against his and all would be well. The spell would be broken, wordas forgotten; they could begin anew. She bit her lip as she looked at him in that way for the last time. Then slowly, she turned her head away. She heard the rumbling of the engine now.

## *Untitled*
## *-Kristyn Mixa*

You've been my everything; My all
You'd pick me up if ever I fall
You've helped me survive
When the worst kept happening
I wish I were as good to you
As you are to me
Although it seems...
I might never be....

## *Girls Like Me*
## *-Rebecca Mimnall*

Never a ripple,
Never a sound.

This is what happens to girls like me:

We live quietly,
We love quietly,
We cry quietly,
We'll die quietly.

Never a ripple,
Never a sound.

This is what happens to girls like me:

We marry young,
Into sensible homes.
We bake,
Birth,
Clean,
And serve.
And we turn a blind eye
When he strays.

## *A Very Long Swim*
## *-Ann Wheliss*

if you consider
that the sun is
93 million miles away
then how far is
3000 miles
really?

for you, i would swim
each mile
gladly just to see
your eyes like oceans
and taste the salt
of your skin.

## *When We Are Old*
## *-Drew Barnes*

When we are old
I will count the wrinkles
On your face
Lying in your stiff embrace
All these wrinkles
On your skin
You blink your eyes
And I have to start again

## *The Desired American Dream*
## *-Maria Lopez*

5:45 in the morning!
The sun will soon rise.
Putting on my hat and shirt,
I need to be counted and aligned.

Tomato by tomato,
A basket in a few minutes is filled.
Hour by hour,
My life and strength empties.

In your classroom you are adding
Apples and what not,
Soon you will learn to subtract
And pay attention to history.

Hopes and desires keep me alive!
An independent and bright woman,
Sure of yourself and hungry to change the world,
Is what I want you to become.

Then I will watch you from a distance
I will say "That is my daughter!
The one who has accomplished
The desired American Dream."

## *A College Girl's Plea*
## *-Kristal DeSantis*

Philosophy
Science
Math
Spanish
and
Law
How many classes
Til I can take off my bra?

## *Relapse*
## *-Bonnie Cook*

It's been two weeks
Since I took the last pill
Pastel-coated sanity
I feel my emotions slipping away
They are no longer a part of my control
Aching, I cannot sleep
The chronicles of my past haunt me
A room with a window
They have returned
I glide from my bed and enter the bathroom
The medicine cabinet reflects a threatening being
The bottle has one remaining capsule
100 mg of sanity slides down my throat
Back to bed I go
Hopeful that tomorrow will be better

## *Starlit Sky*
## *-Ali Adcock*

In the darkened sky
Lie my dreams.
Oh, starlit night!
This I could not foresee.
It's taken the best of me.

Oh, withered moon that hangs low,
Where did all my hope go?
We're more alike than it seems.
You smile only when you're complete.

I wonder how that depraved angel
Got all your favor.
And how that coy devil
got a happily ever after.

## *Metamorphosis*
## *-Rebecca Mimnall*

It so happens I'm tired of just being a woman.
I need to shuck off this blank exterior and
Break these cumbersome bounds.

I am grander than this.

You, Poet, man, creator of worlds,
You mock me my illusions,
Delusions,
My grandeur.

You, blessed, with your privilege,
Your beauteous swans
Whose venomous songs
Corrupt, destruct, and destroy

Me, cursed, with my kind,
My wretched kind
Who can barely survive
For these pillows clamped down on our heads.

You! Poet, man, creator of worlds,
How dare you mock
My faint words?

You, curséd, will soon choke
On the poison you
Gleefully
Inject into me.

I, blesséd, will bow down
Before the true Poet,
The Brilliant,
The Mother.

## *A Senior English Major Writes in Desperation*
## *-Mason Davenport*

Dearest Ennui,

I remember: you and I
Frolicking together through fields of idleness.

Then, by the prolific forces of studiousness,
Our darling comradeship was shattered.

Where are you now my precious friend?
I fear I am gone too far from your grasp.

If it please you, brother,
Forgive me my faults and let us repair our fraternity.

## *Marvel*
## *-Megan Lamm*

Marvel at me, O World!
Be not discouraged by my minute stature,
my tiny hands.
For I am one of many
who can change and shape the fabric of time.
Marvel at me, O Sun!
Do not be offended by my dazzling smile,
my fiery wit.
Your light is brighter
and many times lovelier than my own.
Marvel at me, O Stars!
Be pleased that I dare to wish,
wish to dream.
Your solemn guidance
illuminates my path far better than my sight alone.
Marvel at me, O Universe!
Do not scoff at my fleeting existence,
for one day I will be one.
One with the World and Sun.
One with the Stars.
Daughter of the Universe.

## *Interlude*
## *-Aleyia Dixon*

we lay
at sunset
with my back
to your chest
in your arms; I find rest
protect I
from the rest.

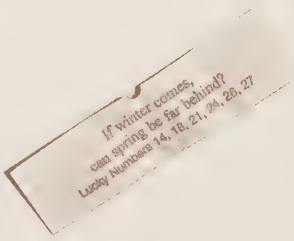
Close our eyes
should not yet
open
why?
we'll regret
we're so quick
to regress...
in our Lives,
this great test.

So still yet...
see the best
in a place
unfound yet
imagine
that your sweat
is the sun
and not stress.

And still
picture yet
as we sway
deep sleep breaths
that this may
be one step
to the peace
we've once fled.

## *Falling Further*
## *-Kristin Kirkland*

Dropped from the sky
To the hood of my car,
A fallen angel
With windshield wiper wings
Screams at the world
That did her wrong.
Rejected and dejected
Shunned and silenced
Yet unafraid to bare her lungs,
Expose her soul
And reclaim the night sky
As her own.



## *Cold as Ice*
## *-Meagan Hightower*

Darkness falls swiftly
Along with the cold of night
Where did you go, I wonder as I glance at the void of nothingness.
Did you honestly love me or were you using me?
That I cannot ask, for you left me many moons ago
In the stillness of the night.
I still long for you; I miss that day that we met so long ago.
You and I were only children when we first saw each other
In that garden of Paradise.
Even then you were cold as ice...
But even though I know that, I still long for you...
I still long to hear your voice say my name as you did so long ago.

## *Purplewords: it's all just noise*
## *-Heaven Gouch*

You told me that you meant it when you said those purple words
So fleeting and flitting and creeping along my bones
Sinking inside inside inside –
    The chasm is narrow; the chasm is wide.
I want its meaning to mean less, to be less, to be less, to be less.
Could it mean anymore? Meaning in less.
Should I be so selfish so dramatic, so ordered and systematic?
Your words come out automatic and I
                feel nothing.
The timbre is timber, and the woods are hollow.
The rhythm is distorted; I'm chasing what I can't follow.
  (It's all just noise you say)

I covet the intentional
You're a victim of your rationale
      We relate by what's unconventional and
(meanings fight and words kill)
you underestimate the power of the signifier
adding up my breaths and dividing by the multiplier.
the casualty of causality
                and they're still purple.

## *Sun Psalm*
## *-Ann Wheliss*

Illuminate me.

head out the window and
looking over my shoulder far into the green fields,
vastness resplendent and lush.
I watched the trees as they gazed
upward toward the sun.

daydreams, carry me past
those familiar sunny fields,
held under siege by a battalion of buttercups.
float me up and over stone fences, and
through gardens that run alongside the old
farmhouse the house full of big, sweet peace roses,
and I long for my home.

My sad jazz blue eyes caught
a glimmer of the gentle fading light of dusk.
Both sparkling kaleidoscopes
flooded with gold.

the blue-gray of my irises transformed
warm, sweet, radiant, ochroid calmness.

they were transformed and
they were transparent.

and I, too, became transparent
and I, too, was transformed.

My eyes had become diamonds sparkling
illuminated by soft bursts of
magic and mischief.

In the shimmer of so many stars,
I still remember love and beauty.
It is gone now, but I remember it as an Italian Opera,
heard lifetimes ago.

I do not understand the words, but
My heart knows their meaning.
Like it knows your "Ciao Bellissima!" and

" Allora, Allora , Allora..."

This moment, the sun
warm on my face,
I am free.

All I can do is breathe.

And I cling and I cling
and I cling to that.

One breath frees me
after all this pushing and pulling
and crying and hiking
to the top of mountains
finding the highest peak
like a cawing hawk with broken wings
defending her life.

And I scream at the top of my lungs
to block the howls of wolves
in sheep's clothing as they come to
rip apart my heart or my sex or
any part of me that looks delicious
So they can feast another day.

Please,
hold this close to you,
press it against your face,
put your hands in my pockets,
and keep warm a while.
Do you know how
To trust, to love, to give yourself
wholly
with no hope
for love returned?

Be still.
Hurry, child.
Slow down.

There is no end, and there was no
beginning.

There are two manifestations of time:
This moment
And all eternity
existing
Together autonomously.

As the moon slowly turns her hips
elegantly across the glittered sky so I could see her,
I start to consider how brief
and uncertain is this, the
fleshy
part of our journey.

Even stars die,
and our own sun
Is not exempt.

## *Let me know that you hate me*
## *-Maria Lopez*

Let me know that you hate me,
So I can try to hate you too.
Give me proof of your deceitfulness,
So I can cry out your cowardice.

Tell the world that I did not deserve you,
So I can find a better man,
Tell them I am nothing,
So I can destroy you with my nothing self.

Appear and attack me!
Attempt to destroy my soul!
My enemy is a ghost
Who lives in the darkness of my desires.

## *nameless pain*
## *-Elisabeth McDonald*

leapt for the stars
fell through the skies
touched your truths
kissed your lies

killed my hopes
held back my tears
turned my back
whispered my fears

i've died now,
you've done your part
now would you mind
removing your knife from my heart?

leapt for the stars
fell through the skies
there are no truths
so fuck your lies

## *Vacancy*
## *-Alexandra Boncek*

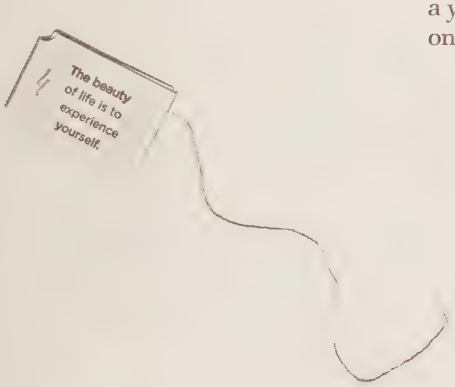
My heart is vacant;
It has been for some time.
The last left holes in the walls
And rips in the seams.
It is becoming run down,
Lost its luster.
It needs a change.
A warm touch.
It needs your gentle love.
It needs to feel,
To feel you;
It needs to feel the love that only you know how to give.

Come in and occupy me.

## *Friend Missed*
## *-Erin Banks*

I feel them pathfind on my face
Tears--
rain on a window pane

or
a younger Her
on the long silver slide.



## *Waves*
## *-Meg Mitchem*

Your heavy words crush my dreams
Why should my life be affected by you?
Your critical tongue breaks me down
Why should my future drown by you?

I spill my emotions onto the faithful paper
Never considering what may come out.
Your critique is the lead in my pockets
That drowns me in a lake of self-doubt.

Waves of self-consciousness take over
With every harsh word from your mouth.
I grow smaller by your constant storm of judgment
I am submerged with no one to pull me out.

## *Leaves*
## *-Heather Finch*

Days pass by, years come and go,
But there is one thing she truly knows.
She will love him till the end;
Daddy's little girl, that's how it's been.
She's grown now and feeling down,
But his lessons are still around.
The nature of God's beautiful earth helps her reminisce;
The memories of past times are such a sweet bliss.
The sounds of a whipper-will call to her child;
Her songs in her name in the deep wild.
The stars twinkle with great brightness,
Like a young girl, innocent and in a mess.

--continued--

## {*Leaves Continued*}

The red berries on the bushes, resemble his rosy cheeks.
And the smell of a cedar, his scent's one to keep.
She'd dance between the even rows of Christmas trees;
While he helped grandma make her wreathes.
She'd conduct the farm like a symphony.
The sparkle of pride in his eyes was all she needed to see.
It's been a while and she's trying to remember his face.
The windy cool breeze sweeps the sand across his grave.
A chill crawls up her spine;
And she recalls upon a time;
Catfish would nibble at the bait;
And then realize it was too late.
Like the doctors did with him;
He was gone half past ten.
A leaf reminds her of a life;
It's created and holds on tight.
Until finally falls and goes to rest;
A person's fate is put to the test.
His stem was strong,
As the night went on.
But when the spring wind took his last breath,
She was too young to understand a death.
Like a leaf on a tree,
He went away, cold, but peacefully.
When the wind blows through the farm fields, they swirl about;
It reminds her of his ashes and when she had to pour them out.
How the wind caught them and held them dear;
They fluttered away like shooting stars in the atmosphere.
She feels his spirit walking with the amazing grace,
As the years come and go at his resting place.
She relates seasons to years and how the colors go around;
Bright green, to orange, and then to brown.

Nature grows older with time it's just how life goes.
Life speeds up and is no longer slow.
You strive for the best to hold on;
But once the wind blows, it's your time and you're gone.

## *October 2007*
## *-Heather Finch*

No signs of rain.
Ponds are dry.
Churches left in ashes.
*The land between*
*The Pacific and Atlantic*
*Is burning like hell.*
Conserve all water.
Do not wash a car.
Wells are dry.
Tornados are murderers.
Homes are drenched.
And New York City's eighty-five,
In October.

## *Logos of Feeling*
## *-Heaven Gouch*

Logos of feeling,
Abstract and sensational
        Mythos and war;
Violence in violets.
The window panes,
The sunlight feigns
We're all at war.
We're all at war.
WE'RE ALL AT WAR.

There are cockroaches in my veins.

## *Mi/stay/ke*
## *-Heaven Gouch*

Stay, stay, stay
Stability
Sustain
Sustainability
Stain my ability
With subtlety;
Say
With Sustenance and agility
That I have any Substance
That is
Substantial Enough
to make you
Stand still
While the sand fills
The landfill
Where you feel
And see and taste
All the waste, I have to offer.

My waist I have to proffer,
In buttons and lace,
An orange you can peel,
A ribcage you can feel,
A thought you can will,
If you stand still,
Enough to make me
Substantial
With Substance,
Agility and Sustenance in the
Present tense
Said, say
Subtly
That you'll stain
My instability
With your ability to
Stay, stay. Stay.

## *True Story*
## *-Bonnie Cook*

Perhaps I shouldn't have given in
I did.
1..2..3..4..5..6 shots
Smirnoff's warmth embraced
The linings of my stomach
An Incubus song is the last memory
Hundreds of days later
They continue to ruin me
Dragging my comatose body into a room
With a solitary window
They rob me of my sanctity
"Promise you won't act weird"
Their farewell to me
Over and over
I have relived that darkness
Enough torture
I make my appointment
She's more perceptive than I assumed
Two months
I'm past them
Warm sheets envelop me
I am grateful for the window

## *Vox Amor*
## *-Mason Davenport*

This is my love
poem for you:

. . .

## *Small Town*
## *-Kristal DeSantis*

Such a small town
Nowhere to go
No place to hide
My tortured soul
In this small town
Everyone can see
My damages plainly
My damage is me

## *No Rain*
## *-Heather Finch*

The weatherman said,
No chances of rain today.
Where is my raincoat?

## *Phantom Pain*
## *-Marquitta Diggs*

Shadows Gather.
My dread grows as the dagger of
your words strikes against my heart.
It slays me, and my essence
drips to the broken ground.
I call out your name while nothingness
surrounds me.
My cascade of tears falls upon
darkened eyes.
This is because of you.

## *Life Changes*
## *-Kristen Jarrell*

Your world is spinning
So perfect, so odd
when you think the pieces fit
they suddenly disappear
you want to sing
your heart to pieces
stay quiet, stay still
listen as the rain falls
soaking through your hair
as you've lost your way
lightening strikes once, maybe twice
it changes
will it be like this forever?
in the confinement of your heart
bleeding, screaming
yet so beautiful
it makes sense yet no sense at all
God, it's joyous now
your heart pouring
will you keep it inside?
loving too much
breaking glass
cloudless sky
mountain tops
light snowflakes
falling on your heart...
i am whole again...

## *Untitled*
## *-Stephanie Lilley*

Just give me my heart back.
Just give it back.
And I promise I will never write this again.
Just give it back so that I can give it to someone else.
Give me my spark back.
The spark I left with you.
Just give it back and I'll never think about you again.
Can you just give it back?
Please?
I need it.
Almost as much as I need you.

## *Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Chair*
## *-Kristin Kirkland*

I.
Strapped above the ground and fed.
Swaddled in a blanket red.

II.
In the homemade dirt
I kneel.
A buzzing saw,
My granddaddy's hands,
A polished throne is born.

III.
The chair across from me is
empty.
The space you used to occupy
devoid.

IV.
Splintered and lopsided,
Destined for firewood –
Another lovers' quarrel.

V.
Skating over linoleum floors,
Racing towards the finish line.

VI.
Carry me,
I can't go alone.

VII.
Contemplating the lightning bugs and fireflies,
A swift breeze announces a summer storm.
I slip inside,
Carrying an imprint of wooden slats.

VIII.
A place of judgment,
questioning,
condemnation.

IX.
The backroom of a secondhand shop –
a coat of dust obscures
golden thread and delicate carvings.

X.
The chair sits,
Bald spot polished,
Reflecting light from the table.

XI.
Heavenly seat
From which the All Mighty presides
Giving righteous induction
Into his kingdom.

XII.
Tyra Banks whispering in my ear
"Do you want to be on top?"
I doze.

XIII.
row upon row
we wait
for a final
Electrifying
experience.

## *Time*
## *-Ali Adcock*

I've spent my lonely nights
Mourning over the good times.
I've spent my darkened days
Regretting that I didn't stay.

I've seen the Hell loss can bring.
I've heard the song the angels sing.
I've challenged fate and almost lost.
I've made my choice and paid the cost.

I've cried a river of tears.
I've felt fear grow near.
I've heard your cry from miles away.
I've arrived a day too late.

I've felt my heart shatter like glass.
But I know this feeling can't last.
I've slowly picked up the pieces,
But you should know, you will be missed.

## *Mama Wino*
## *-Drew Barnes*

Mama Wino left her children for the circus
For she knew they served no purpose
Mama Wino liked the taste in her mouth
But not the feeling all around

Mama Wino looked so beautiful
On the tight rope carefully careful
Mama Wino stands too close
Because she thinks that no one knows

Mama Wino laps it up
No one knows what's in her cup
Mama Wino left for the circus
Her children think that they deserved it

## *Until she wakes me*
## *-Jen Davis*

I was dead asleep
Until she wakes me
I was dreaming of my past and planning my future
Until she wakes me
The door slammed
Until she wakes me
The closet shut
Until she wakes me
Keys moved from one spot to another
Until she wakes me

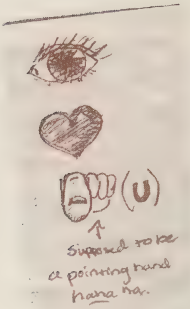
I was dead asleep
Until she wakes me
Thoughts erased mind clear
Until she wakes me
She turns on her emo music
Until she wakes me

I was dead asleep
Until she wakes me
I didn't hear the train
Until she wakes me
I didn't hear the trucks
Until she wakes me

## *In My Mind*
## *-Kristal DeSantis*

In my mind
Sex and pain are intertwined
Physically I am hurt and bruised
When in anger I am abused
Pain is felt emotionally
When sex is dealt with casually
When nothing but mutual despair
Links us and our bodies, bare
But the pain that hurts most of all
Is when in love I let myself fall

## *Pulled Apart*
## *-Marquitta Diggs*




The night falls in a heavy, suffocating cloak,
cold and alone.
The understanding for which you sacrifice
yourself.
Flares once, then dies,
Crushed by madness.
All hope must not endure.

Your love is no more.
How could you leave me?
Demons surround us, crying,
we are fallen.

## *Highway 49*
## *-Heather Finch*

Along the cemented path
With yellow slashes down the spine
Evergreens stand in herds
The needles fall in an endless mass
Right before you reach the bridge
On highway forty-nine
Mounted along the wired fence
A cross stands and lurks
Flowers cluster hugging the ridge
Cars pass by one by one
Not noticing the matter of a past tense
A mother kneels before the rubble
And speaks a soft prayer
She meditates on the last words before this ever begun
"It's airless in this dome as they cover me with the shovel
Mom I tried and cried to hang on as the light flared
Along the cemented path
With yellow slashes painted down the spine
Evergreens stand in herds
The needles fall in an endless mass
Right before you reach the bridge
On highway forty-nine
Mounted along the wired fence
A cross stands at the site of my last breath and lurks."

## *Re-Memory*
## *-Kristin Kirkland*

I wish I could remember those blasted poems.
Fragmented threads shimmering in my conscious
As I drift off to sleep.
That damn girl keeps eluding me,
Slipping off and slitting her wrists
Over and over.
I can't stop her.
She won't stay.
Neither will that man who I met as a boy
And can now only reach
On the fringes of my sleep.
He too is illusionary,
No more real than the inky sky
Devoid of stars and
The ghost of you who lies beside me.

## *This Will Not Burn*
## *-Stacey Townsend*

I try to have a silent heart
but I might as well just scream your name
everyone around us knows what is going on anyway
I try to write it, but this pen is so damn cliche
but when I have to leave, it's the taste of you
that gets me through these days
when your lips touch mine I feel as if I cannot breathe
with your hips on mine, I feel as if there is nothing else I can see
oh, this is not a burn
these are NOT sharp words
but I am nowhere near eloquent
so could you be my rudder? could you sail this ship?
I am not perfect, but I am no greek myth
I won't let this be a tragedy
I will not let this escape my grip
If compared to something beautiful
You would still be underrated
& I am falling fast
my mind locked & completely jaded
five words, baby.
I'm waiting.

## *Queen Of Hearts*
## *-Megan Lamm*

The Queen Of Hearts
Has lost her crown.
Searched high and low,
It can't be found.

She placed it in
Some unknown spot.
She only knows
Where it is not.

The King refused
To help her out.
It's her own fault
Without a doubt.

The only one
To take a stand
Was John the Knave
At her demand.

"You stole my tarts
And now my crown."
Accused the Queen
With a long frown.

"I do not have
Your crown, you see.
But I can tell
Where it might be.

Forgive me, Queen
And don't turn red.
Your precious crown
Is on your head."

## *Why father?*
## *-Maria Lopez*

Why do you leave me father
Every year after Christmas break,
Taking the family portrait that I gave you
And promising me that it will always be with you?

Why do you leave my mother crying
And your side of her bed empty and cold?
She is praying day by day,
Waiting for your return.

Why are you not here to comfort me
When from my bike I fall
And encourage me to try again
and again? ... Oh father!

Why do you go father
To a land where people hate you
When my heart wants you to be here
And yours wants to be here too.

## *Carbon Copy*
## *-Carly Naegelen*

The Copy is sightlessly living in
Fields of nothingness.
Individually The Copy thinks
As it follows suit to the order.

Sitting in place, it doesn't
Cast doubts at tasks required of it
Simply takes the order and masters the art
It never fails to comply

The Copy wants change, but
Only does as time weathers it so.
Craving original thought, it is then stifled
By the Force, and instead regurgitates old lines.

Making its way through the universe leaving a dent
To mark its own existence, you see,
Its history will contain slight differences

However, it is a mere Copy of something that came before it.
A Copy that can't cease to be, even if it wanted to...

## *Mine?*
## *-Priscilla Peace*

Oh! His gaze when he looks at me.
A star in the brown of his eyes moves me this
way,
that way
through long eye lashes.

Velvet chocolate embraces me
to hear deep laughs and soft scolds;
he understands, I know, I love it.

Anguish in me he sees!
It is untrue!
I am a busy woman that flows
And works—but my worth is yet
to come to him...

## *Fairytale*
## *-Felicia Plummer*

Today... I was expecting a fairytale
All I got though was a big coffee cup,

Filled with heartaches
And a pinch of pain

Today... I was expecting a fairytale
All I got was a big coffee cup,
With mounds of heartache
And a pinch of pain

Today... I was expecting a fairytale
All I got was a coffee cup,
Mounds of heartache-
Loads of pain

Today... I was expecting a fairytale
I got a coffee cup,
Heartache,
Pain

Today... I was expecting a fairytale
I got a cup...

I received this cup
'Til there was no longer
Heartache and pain
To fill it

## *False God*
## *-Rebecca Mimnall*

Where is my false God
when I need Him?
Vacant, as always.
Suspiciously absent
In this, my time of need.

Perhaps I'll switch to Shiva;
The Destroyer fits my mood.

Is there a god of loneliness?

St. Anthony, I'm lost.
Will you perhaps find me?

# *The Daisy Chain*
# *-Megan Lamm*

"Hi, James! Buying another flower I see. What did Sarah think of the last one?" she asked him as she punched in numbers on the cash register causing it to 'BLEEP' and 'DING'.

"Oh, yeah. She loved it!" James lied, handing the flower girl a daisy that was dyed a brilliant shade of orange. Actually, Sarah hadn't even noticed it. James had watched from his window across the street as she stepped on the daisy he'd so carefully picked out. His heart felt the weight of her shoes as they crushed the delicate, white petals.

James had loved Sarah for years. Unfortunately, for all those years she had loved Mark, Henry, Adam and that weird science freak farther up on Maple Lane with a name that James could never remember. This month Sarah had declared her undying affection for Roger, the bass player in a local garage band that only had about ten fans. James wasn't a science geek and couldn't play the guitar if his life depended on it. Still, he was positive that one day Sarah would realize that he was the one guy in the world for her.

"Well, that's good to hear. I'm glad things are going so well for you." the shop girl muttered. She gazed at James and quickly looked away when she caught his eyes. Handing him the daisy, their fingers touched for the smallest of seconds, and the shop girl jumped away as if she had touched something scalding hot. James just smiled up at her, readjusted his book bag, put the daisy in one of its outer pockets and squeezed past the hundreds of overfilled bouquets to the shop's exit.

James walked briskly to the street that he and Sarah had grown up on and stood on her front porch fidgeting with the hem of his t-shirt. After gathering his resolve he carefully pulled the now battered daisy out of his book bag. Examining it once more he delicately kissed the velvety petals. Leaning over, he laid the daisy on her 'There's no place like home' doormat and then rocked back on his heels admiring his work.

Triumphantly, he turned to walk across the street to his house when he heard the sound of the door opening behind him. His blood froze and his heart left its spot in his chest and found a new home right behind his lower intestines. With no choice but to face the spoiler of his well laid plans, James rotated slowly on his toes. He squeezed his eyes closed, and when he opened them again, there stood Sarah. Her long blonde hair was moving with the soft breeze, and her body was framed in the doorway with golden light from the sun. "Hey, who are you? Are you selling something? We already get like ten magazines." she asked impatiently, smacking on a piece of sugary pink gum.

James was horrified at the thought that she believed he was a magazine seller. He opened his mouth to reply, but only a small, helpless whimper escaped his trembling lips.

"What, are you some kind of mute? Are you just a big fat retard? What's a' matter, retard? Cat got your tongue?" Sarah laughed with venomous glee.

The words hit James with such a force that he staggered backwards a few steps. "No, I, uh, brought you a flower. A daisy. See. It's on your porch." he whispered in defense. Sarah's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Daisy? Have you been the moron leaving daisies on my front porch everyday for the past month?" she asked, crossing her arms.

"I, uh, thought it was sweet. I thought you'd like them, you know. And then maybe you'd..." James trailed off as he stared hard at a place just over the top of Sarah's golden hair.

--continued--

# {The Daisy Chain Continued}

"Like them? I hate daisies. They're practically weeds. Stupid, ugly weeds!"

James suddenly felt very far away like he was watching the scene from a distance. Without thought he turned and began to walk down the sidewalk that connected her house to the street.

"Don't leave anymore flowers! I'm tired of cleaning up the petals!" Sarah yelled after him.

James shuffled slowly across Maple Lane and entered his empty house. He trudged up the stairs to his bedroom and threw himself onto his bed without bothering to turn on any lights. His only thought was to go to sleep that night and hopefully never wake up. Closing his eyes, he resigned himself to his almost certain death.

The next morning the sun streamed in through the curtains of his bedroom and beamed radiantly onto James' pillows and sheets, as if the sun didn't know that the world had ended the day before. He awoke with a leaden heart. The events of the day before replayed in his mind like a silent film, with each viewing dragging him further and further along a downward spiral.

Pulling himself out of bed he dressed in the same clothes from the day before. Grabbing his rucksack out of habit, he made his way down to the little flower shop that he'd visited everyday in the past month. He pulled the glass door of the shop open and squeezed past the hundreds of colorful bouquets once more to go stand in front of the daisies. Looking over them carefully he chose a plain, white daisy out of all the brilliantly dyed ones. He headed back up to the front of the shop where the flower girl was already ringing up his purchase.

"Did Sarah like the orange one you bought her yesterday?" she asked.

James felt hot all over at the mention of Sarah's name. He looked the girl over and caught sight of her name tag. Amanda. Her name was Amanda. She grabbed some green tissue paper and a ribbon and began to tie the daisy up with care.

"I thought she might like some pretty paper and ribbons to go with her flower," Amanda said. James watched her meticulously wrap the daisy and tie it up with the ribbon she had picked out. Her long brown hair was falling in her eyes and she kept having to sweep it back off of her face. James thought she was quite pretty. He couldn't think of why he had never noticed that before.

Amanda passed the daisy over the counter to him and took the five dollar bill he was holding out. He grabbed the daisy and started for the door. As he reached for the door handle he stopped and looked back over his shoulder at Amanda, the shop girl and then to the beautifully wrapped daisy in his hand. Without thinking he turned and walked back to the counter. Amanda looked up at him with her eyes of a brilliant blue.

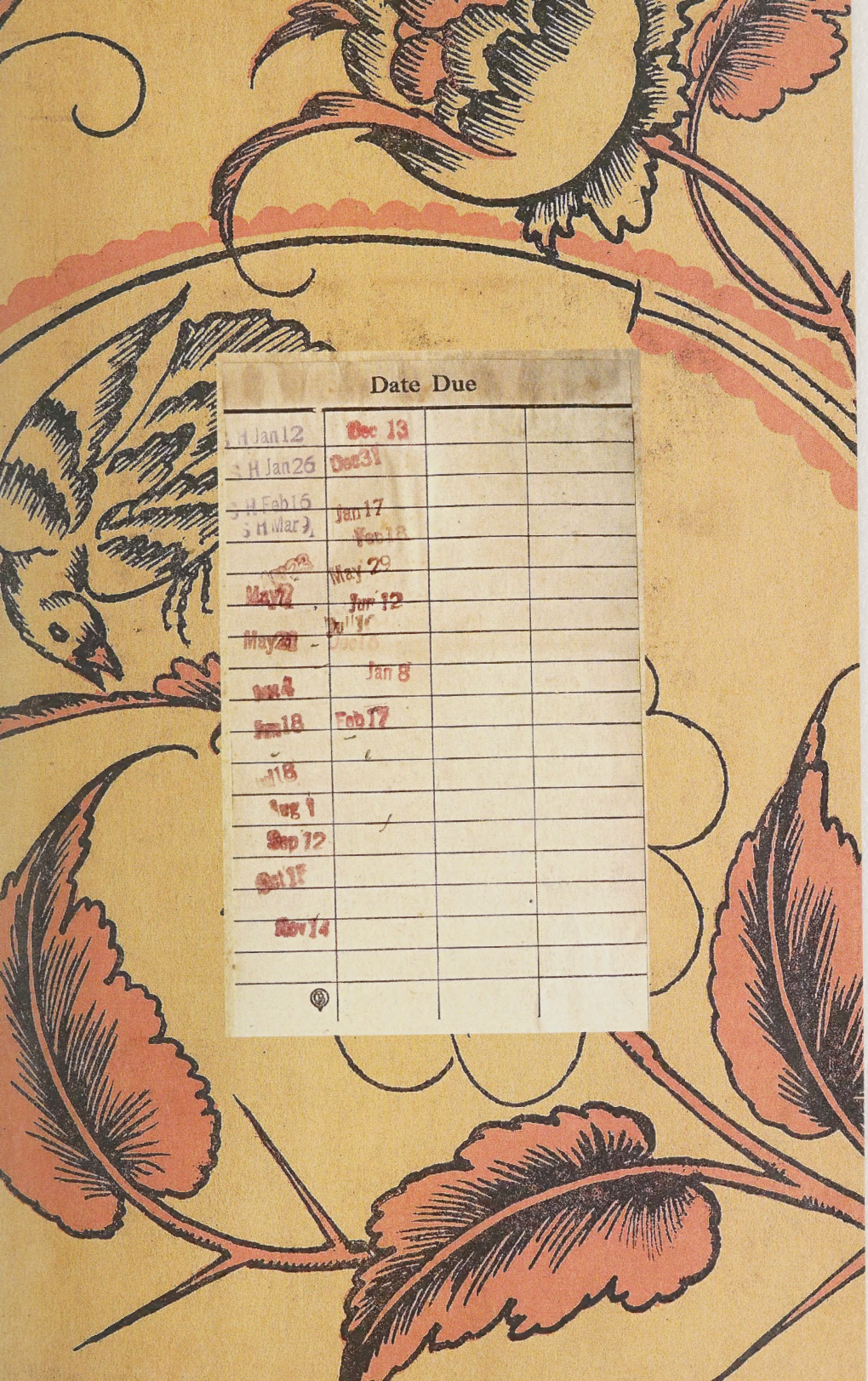
"Did you forget something?"

"Yeah, I did. I forgot to give you this." he replied. He handed the daisy over to her, their fingers barely touching once again. Her eyes lit up and then just as quickly the light was extinguished.

"But don't you think Sarah would be upset if you didn't bring her a daisy?"

"Nah. She doesn't need it."

Before she could reply he walked out of the store and back into the sun. Amanda. Her name was Amanda.




Date Due

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|---|---|---|---|
| H Jan 12 | Dec 13 | | |
| H Jan 26 | Dec 31 | | |
| H Feb 15 | Jan 17 | | |
| H Mar 1 | Feb 18 | | |
| | May 29 | | |
| May 12 | Jun 12 | | |
| May 28 | | | |
| | Jan 8 | | |
| Jun 4 | | | |
| Jun 18 | Feb 17 | | |
| Jul 18 | | | |
| Aug 1 | | | |
| Sep 12 | | | |
| Oct 17 | | | |
| Nov 14 | | | |
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